He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignety thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Ma. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What ſayes your Lord?
Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to daw them hence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich, and two Biſhops aloft.
Mai. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious prince,
Lend fauorable eares to my requeſt:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch Apologie,
I rather doe beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your graces pleaſure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
Glo. I doe ſuſpect, I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeeme diſgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance:
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it pleaſe your grace
At our intreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Elſe wherefore breath I in a Chriſtian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The Supreame Seate, the throane maieſticall,
The Scepter office of your Anceſtors.
The lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which heere we waken to your Countries good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamy,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph
Of blinde forgetfullneſſe and darke oblition:
Which to recouer we hartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraignty thereof,
Not as *Protector*, Steward, Subſtitute,
Nor lowly factor for an others gaine?
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing friends,
And by there vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come I to mone your Grace.
Glo. I know not whither to depart in ſilence,